

*E. S. Murray*  
*Jan. 15, 1894*

THE  
**SONGS OF THE GAEL:**

A COLLECTION OF

Gaelic Songs, with Translations.

BY L. MACBEAN.

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PART I.—PRICE SIXPENCE.

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MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

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AND the Songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,  
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire ;  
On the lap of my mother I lisped them to God ;  
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod.

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EDINBURGH:

MACLACHLAN & STEWART.

GLASGOW: PORTEOUS BROTHERS, & W. LOVE, ARGYLE STREET.

OBAN: DUNCAN CAMERON.

A Collection of Gaelic Psalm Tunes will shortly follow.

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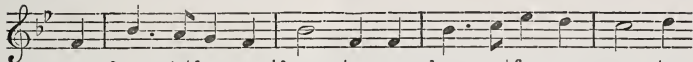
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# SONGS OF THE GAEL.

## 1—MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH—MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

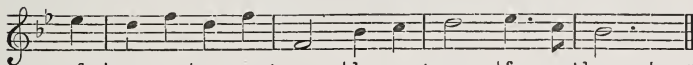
KEY B $\flat$ .—Beating twice to the measure.



{ s<sub>1</sub> | d : - . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | d : - . r | f : m | r : - | m }

{ Ho - ro, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, Hi - ri, mo nighean donn bhoidheach, }

Ho - ro, my brown-hair'd maiden, Heeree, my bonnie maiden,



{ f | m : s | m : s | s<sub>1</sub> : - | d : r | m : - | f : - . r | d : - | - }

{ Mo chailleag, laghach, bhoidheach, Cha phosainn ach thu. }

My sweetest, neatest maiden, I'll wed none but thee.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shuil,  
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit,  
Tha d' iomhaigh, ghaol, is d' ailleachd  
A ghnath tigh'n fo m'uidh.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal  
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort,  
'S ged chaidh mi uat air faondradh  
Cha chaochail mo rùn.

Nuair bha ann ad lathair  
Bu shona bha mo laithean,  
A seallbhacadh do mhanrain  
Is àille do ghnais.

Gnais acidheil, bhanail, mhalda,  
Na h-òigh is caomha nadur,  
I suaire, ceanail, baigheil,  
Lan grais agus muirn.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,  
Far bheil mo rihinn ghreannar,  
Mar ros am fasach shamhraidh,  
An gleann fad o shuil.

O maid whose face is fairest,  
The beauty that thou bearest,  
Thy witching smile the rarest,  
Are ever with me.

Though far from thee I'm ranging  
My love is not estranging,  
My heart is still unchanging  
And aye true to thee.

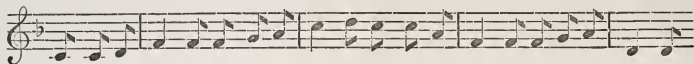
Oh, blest was I when near thee,  
To see thee and to hear thee,  
These memories still endear thee  
For ever to me.

Thy smile is brightest, purest,  
Best, kindest, demurest,  
With which thou still allurest  
My heart's love to thee.

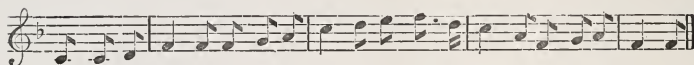
Where Highland hills are swelling  
My darling has her dwelling;  
A fair wild rose excelling  
In sweetness is she.

## 2—OCH, OCH ! MAR THA MI—OCH, OCH ! HOW LONELY.

KEY F.—*With expression.*



(.s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | d : d .d : r .m | s : l .s : s .m | d : d .d : r .m | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub>.)  
 {Och, och ! mar tha mi is mi 'nam | aonart, A dol troimh | choill far an robh mi | eolach, }  
 Och, och ! how lonely to wander weary Thro' scenes endearing with none beside me !



(.s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | d : d .d : r .m | s : l .t : d<sup>h</sup>.l | s : m .d : r .m | d d . ||  
 {Nach fhaigh mi | a' ann am fhearann | duthchais, Ged phlaighinn | crun airson leud | na broige. ||  
 For all around now to me is dreary, My native land has a home denied me.

Neo-bhinu an fhuaim leam a dhuigs o m' shuain mi,  
 'Se tighinn anuas orm o bhruaich nam mor-bheann,  
 An ciobair Gallda 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,  
 E glaothaich thall ri cu mall an dolais.

Moch maduinn Cheitein, an am dhomh eirigh,  
 Cha cheol air gheugan, no geum air mointich,  
 Ach sgreaddail bheisdean 's a chanain bheurla,  
 Le coin 'g an eigheach, cur feidh air fogar.

An uair a chi mi na beanntan arda,  
 'San fhearann aigh 's an robh Fionna chomhnuidh:  
 Cha-n fhaic mi 'n aite ach na caoraich bhana,  
 Is Gaill gun aireamh 's a h-uile comhail.

Na glinne chiatach 's am faighteadh fiadhach,  
 'M biodh coin air iallan aig gilleann oga,  
 Cha-n fhaic thu 'n dugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,  
 'S gur duibhe mheuran na sgiath na rocais.

Chaidh gach abhaist a chuir air fudach,  
 Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no oran;  
 Nach bochd an sgeul e gu'n d' shearg ar n-uaislean,  
 'S na balaich shuarach n'an aiteau-comhnuidh ?

What sounds unsweet have disturbed me, marring  
 The long-sought slumbers around me falling?  
 The Lowland shepherd, with accent jarring,  
 Directs his sheepdog with hideous bawling.

No more are mornings in spring delightful  
 With deer soft lowing and woodland warbles,  
 The deer have fled from these barkings frightful,  
 And loud the stranger his jargon garbles.

Our Highland mountains with purple heather,  
 Where Fingal fought and his heroes slumber,  
 Are white with sheep now for miles together,  
 And filled with strangers whom none can number.

The lovely glens where the deer long lingered  
 And our fair youths went with hounds to find them,  
 Are now the home of the long black-fingered  
 And lazy shepherds with dogs behind them.

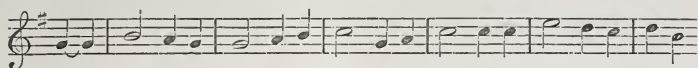
The ancient customs and clans are banished,  
 No more are songs on the breezes swelling,  
 Our Highland nobles alas ! are vanished,  
 And worthless upstarts are in their dwelling.

Author—the late Dr. MACLACHLAN. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

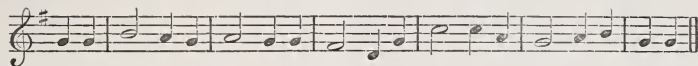


### 3—LEABAIDH GHUILL—THE BED OF GAUL.

KEY G.—*With feeling.*



(| d : d | m : - | r : d | d : - | r : m | f : - | d : r | f : - | f : f | l : - | s : f | s : m | )  
 O      caraibh,      a      chlanua      nan      teud,      Leabaidh      Ghuill      is      a      dheo-greine      lámhris,  
 O      ye bards, make the last      bed      of Gaul, With his      sunbeam      of war      laid be-side him,



(| d : d | m : - | r : d | r : - | d : d | t : - | s : d | f : - | f : r | d : - | r : m | d : d ||  
 Far am faicear      a      leabaidh      an      céin,      Agus      geuga      is      airde      'ga      sghile.  
 Where the shade      of this great      tree shall fall, And its      branches from      tempests shall hide him.

Fo sgeith daraig a's guirme blath,  
 Is luaith' fas, agus dreach a's buaine,  
 Bhruchdas duilleach air anail na frois  
 'S an raon bhi seargta m'an cuairt di.

A duilleach o iomal na tire  
 Chitear le eoin an t-samhraidh,  
 Is laithidh gach eun mar a thig e  
 Air barraibh na geige urair.

Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,  
 Is oighean a seinn air Aoibhir-chaomha;  
 'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiubh so,  
 Cha sgarar bhuir cuimhne o cheile.

Gus an erion gu luaithre a chlach,  
 'S an searg as le aois a gheug so,  
 Gus an sguir na sruthan a ruith,  
 'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhte,

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois  
 Gach filidh, is dán, 's aobhar-sgeile,  
 Cha'n fheoraich an t-aineal 'Co mac Moirne?'  
 No 'Cia i conluaidh Rìgh na Strumoin?'

This green spreading oak is his bower,  
 Fair growing and lovely and lasting;  
 Its leaves drink the breath of the shower  
 While the drought all around it is blasting.

Its leaves from afar shall be seen,  
 And the birds of the summer, swift winging,  
 Alight on its boughs wide and green—  
 From his mist Gaul shall hear their sweet singing.

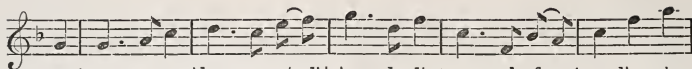
Evircoma shall hear how her praise  
 The songs of the maidens shall cherish;  
 Till everything round us decays,  
 Your memory from earth shall not perish.

Till this stone has been crumbled away,  
 Till the streams cease to flow from the mountains,  
 Till this tree with old age shall decay,  
 And drought dries from the hills all the fountains,

Till the great flood of ages has run  
 Over bards, songs and all that is human,  
 None need ask, Who was Morni's great son?  
 Or, Where dwells the brave King of Strumon?

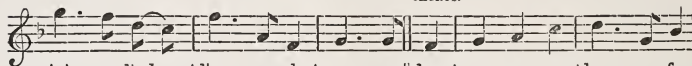
# 4—BANARACH DHONN A CHRUIDH—MAID OF THE DAIRY.

KEY F.



f: r | r : - . m : s | l : - . s : t . d' | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . d : f . m | s : d' : m' |  
 { A | bha - na - rach mhiogach 'S e do ghaol 'thug fo | chis mi. 'S maththig lamhaiméan }  
 O white-handed maiden, My bosom is la - den, With love for the

CHORUS.



{ r' : - . d' : l | s | d' : - . m : d | r : - . r | d | r : m : s | l : - . r : f }  
 { sloda Air do mhin-bhosaibh | ba - na. A | bhan - a - rach dhonn a chruiddh, }  
 maid - en That ne - vershall va - ry. My bon - nie bright dai - rymaid,



{ r' : d' : l | s : - . m : d | r : m : s | r' : - . l : d' | s : - . m : d | r : - . r |  
 { Chaoin a chruiddh, dhonn a chruiddh, | Cailin deas donn a chruiddh, | Cuachag an fhàsach. }  
 Fairly maid, dai - rymaid, Bonnie blythe dairymaid, Maid of the dairy.

'Nuair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,  
 A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh.  
 Dh' fàladh eunlaith gach doire,  
 Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhàrainn.

Ged a b' fhonnmhor an fhidheall,  
 'S a teudan an righeadh,  
 'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,  
 Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dhàlan na gréine,  
 'Dearsadh moch air fòir d' eudainn,  
 'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn  
 Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiridh.

'S taitneach sìubhal a cùaillein  
 'G a chrathadh m' a chuanan,  
 A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,  
 An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fàsaich.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,  
 'Teachd do'n bhuaillidh mu 'n eadhrath,  
 Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,  
 'S buarach gressad an àil aic'.

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruiddh,  
 Chaoin a' chruiddh, dhonn a' chruiddh  
 Cailin deas donn a' chruiddh,  
 Cuachag an fhàsaich.

When Mary is singing  
 The birdies come winging,  
 And listen, low swinging,  
 On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure  
 To hear the sweet measure  
 That's sung by my treasure,  
 The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming  
 Around her is beaming,  
 It's glowing and gleaming  
 On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary  
 Trips gaily my dearie,  
 With foot never weary,  
 As light as a fairy.

The maid of this ditty  
 Is charming and pretty,  
 She's wise and she's witty,  
 She's winning and wary.

My bonnie bright dairymaid,  
 Fairy maid, dairymaid,  
 Bonnie blythe dairymaid,  
 Maid of the dairy.

# 5—MORAG—JACOBITE SONG.

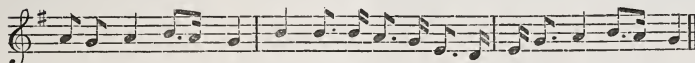
KEY G.



{ d ., d : d , d - | d ., d : d , l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> , d | r ., r : r , m . - }

Mhorag chiatlach a chuil dualaich | 'Se do luaidh a tha air m'aire, }

Morag with the tresses flowing, I will praise thee with de - vo-tion.



{ r . d : r | m ., r : d | m : m , m | r ., d : l<sub>1</sub> , s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> , d - : r | m ., r : d ||

Agus O Mhor - ag, ho - ro 'sna horo gheallaidh, Agus o Mhor - ag.

Then horo, Mor - ag, ho - ro, the lovely lady, Then horo, Mor - ag.

'S ma dh' imich thu null thar chuan uainn  
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.

'S cuimhnich, thoir leat bannal ghruagach  
A luaidheas an cloth ruadh gu daingeann.

O cha leiginn thu do'n bhuailidh  
Obair thruailidh sin nan callean.

Gur h-i Morag ghrinn mo ghuanag  
Aig am beil an cuaile barr-fhionn.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach  
Ciabhag na gruaigach glaine,

Do chùl peucach sìos 'na dhualaibh  
Dhalladh e uaislean le lainnir,

Sìos 'na fheòirnean mu'd ghuailnean,  
Leadan cuacheineach na h-ainnir.

'S iomadh leannan a th' aig Morag  
Eadar Mor-thìr agus Arrainn.

'S iomadh gaisgeach deas de Ghaidheal  
Nach obadh le m' ghradh-sa tarruing,

A rachadh le sgiathan 's le clàidhean  
Air bheag sgath gu bial nan canan,

Chunnartaicheadh dol an ordugh  
Thoir do chèrach mach a dh'aindeoin.

A rìgh, bu mhath 's an luath-laimh iad  
Nuair a thàirneadh iad an lannan.

H-uile cloth a luaidh iad riamh dhuibh  
Dh' fhaig iad e gu ciatach daingeann.

Teann, tigh, daingeann, fìchte, luaidhte  
Daite ruadh air thuar na fala.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luadhaidh  
'S theid na gruaighean so mar-riut.

Agus o Mhorag, horo, 's na horo gheallaidh.

Far too soon has been thy going;  
Soon come back across the ocean.

Bring a band of maids for spreading  
And for dressing cloth of scarlet.

Thou shalt not go to the steading,  
Leave vile work to loon and varlet.

Oh, my Morag is the sweetest,  
With her lovely locks in cluster,

Coiled and curled in folds the sweetest,  
Gleaming bright with golden lustre;

Glowing ringlets, golden gleaming,  
Dazzle nobles who behold her;

Yellow tresses round her streaming,  
Fall in cascades on her shoulder.

Many a lover has my lady,  
In the mainland and the Islands;

Many a man with sword and plaidie  
She could summon from the Highlands,

Who would face the cannon's thunder  
Armed and for her honour plighted,

Driving hostile bands asunder  
Bound to see our lady righted.

Certes, but our maids are clever  
When they get their weapons ready,

Many a web they've sorted ever  
Firmly handled close and steady,

Thick and close and firm in pressing,  
Bloody-red, a dye unfading;

Come then with thy maids for dressing,  
We are ready here for aiding.

Then horo, Morag, horo, the lovely lady.



# 6—CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH RARSAIDH--RAASAY LAMENT.

KEY F.—*Slow, and with feeling.*

{ s : l<sub>1</sub> | d : d : m : r | d : l<sub>1</sub> : s : l<sub>1</sub> | d : d : l | l : s : - : d<sub>1</sub> : l | l : l<sub>1</sub> : d }

{ 'S mi nam' shuidh' air an fhaodh-lainn Gun fhaolte gun fhu-ran; Cha tog mi fonn }

Sitting sad - ly I sorrow, Heavy-hearted and ailing, I am songless and

## CHORUS.

{ r : d : m : r | d : l<sub>1</sub> : d | r : r : - : r : m | l : - : d : r : d | l<sub>1</sub> : - : r : m }

{ ao . trom, O Dhi- hao - fine mo dhunach. Hi - il ò ho bha hó Hi - il }

cheerless, I am wea - ry with wailing. Hee-il ò ho - va hò Hee-il

{ r : l<sub>1</sub> : d | l : - : d<sub>1</sub> : l | l : l<sub>1</sub> : d | r : - : r : m | l : - : d : r : d | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> : }

{ ò ho bha ò, Hi-il ò ho bha ò Hi-il ò ro o-bha eil - le. }

ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò ho - va ò, Hee-il ò - ro o - va ai - la.

Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,  
O Dìdhaoine mo dhunach :  
O'n a chailleadh am bàta,  
Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh.  
O'n a chailleadh am bàta,  
Air 'n a bhàthadh an cuiridh :  
'S i do ghuala bha làidir,  
Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu.  
'S i do ghuala 'bha làidir,  
Ged a shàraich a' mhuir thu ;  
'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh  
'S ann an clachan na tràghad,  
'Tha mo ghràdh-sa bho'n uiridh :  
Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,  
Fo lic uaine na tuinne.  
Gun sìod' air do chluasaig,  
Fo lic uaine na tuinne ;  
Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhùnachd,  
Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag,  
Tha do chlaidheamh 'na dhùnachd,  
Fo dhrùchdadh nan uinneag ;  
Do chuid chon air an fallaibh,  
'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh.  
Do chuid chon air an fallaibh,  
'S cha triall iad do'n mhonadh ;  
Do fhuirich nam beann àrda,  
No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuillinn.  
Do fhuirich nam beann àrda,  
No gu àrd-bhéinn a' chuillinn ;  
'S mi na m' shuidh' air an fhaodhlainn,  
Gun fhaolte, gun fhuirich.

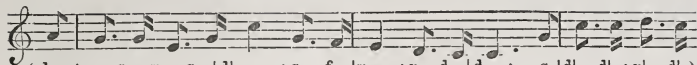
Since the day of my sorrow  
I am weary with wailing,  
Since the loss of the boatie,  
Where the hero was sailing.  
Since the loss of the boatie,  
Where the hero was sailing,  
Oh, strong was his shoulder,  
Though the sea was prevailing.  
Oh, strong was his shoulder,  
Though the sea was prevailing,  
Now he lies in the clachan,  
Whom I am bewailing.  
Now he lies in the clachan,  
Whom I am bewailing,  
And a green grassy curtain  
His cold bed is veiling.  
And a green grassy curtain  
His cold bed is veiling,  
His sword in its scabbard  
The rust is assailing.  
His sword in its scabbard  
The rust is assailing,  
His hounds on their leashes,  
Their speed unavailing.  
His hounds on their leashes,  
Their speed unavailing,  
No more shall my hero  
His mountains be scaling.  
No more shall my hero  
His mountains be scaling,  
Sitting sadly, I sorrow,  
Heavy-hearted and ailing.

Composed on the death of IAIN GARETH MACGHILLE-CALLUIN of Raasay, by his sister. Translated by L. MACFARLAN.

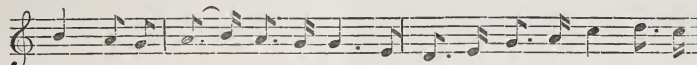


# 7—MO MHALI BHEAG OG—MY DEAR LITTLE MAY.

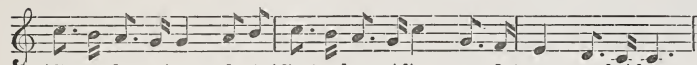
KEY C.



{ l | s „s : m „s | d' : s „f | m : r „d | d' : - s | d' „d' : r' „d' }  
 Nach truagh leat mi 's mi prio - san Mo Mha - li bheag òg? Do! chairdean a cur  
 Dost thou not see my an - guish, My dear lit - tle May? In dungeon dark I



{ t : l „s | l „t : l „s | s : - „m | r „m : s „l | d' : r' „d' }  
 binn orm, Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal, thu. A bhean nam mala min - e, 'S nam  
 languish, My own darling May. No eyes were sweeter, clear - er, No



{ d' „t : l „s | s : l „t | d' „t : l „s | d' : s „f | m : r „d | d' : - }  
 pogan mar na fìoguis, Is tu nach fhagadh shìos mi le mi-ruin do bheoil!  
 kisses could be dear - er, Than thine, my loving cheer - er, My dear little May!

Di-domhnaich anns a ghleann duinn,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut,

Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhor;

Nuair dh' fhosgail mi mo shùilean

'S a sheall mi air mo chulaobh

Bha maraich an eich chruthaich

Tigh'n dlu air mo lorg.

Is mise bh' air mo bhuaireadh,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Nuair thain' an sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn,

Mo ribhinn glan ur;

Is truagh nach ann 'san uair sin

A thuit mo lamh o m' ghuailinn,

Mu'n d'amais mi do bhualadh,

Mo Mhali bheag og.

Gur boidheche leam a dh' fhas thu,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Na'n lili anns an fhasach,

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;

Mar aiteal caoin na greine

Am maduinn chiuin ag eridh,

B'e sud do dhreach is t-eugais

Mo Mhali bheag og.

Ged bheirte mi bho'n blas so,

Mo Mhali bheag og,

Cha'n iarrainn tuille dalach,

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ruin;

B'annsa 'n saoghal-'s fhagail,

'S gu'm faicinn t'aodann ghradhach,

Gun chuimhn' bhi air an am sin

'S an d' fhas mi thu ciuirt'.

Oh! hapless love that sought thee,

My dear little May;

Oh! fatal tryste that brought thee

Along yon green brae;

We met with words endearing,

No evil were we fearing,

When horsemen came careering

In angry array.

My heart with anger bounded,

My dear little May,

To see us thus surrounded,

My lady so gay;

Oh, withered let this arm be

That ever chanced to harm thee,

I never would alarm thee,

My darling young May.

Oh, fairer wert thou, blooming,

My dear little May,

Than lily sweet, perfuming

Some glen far away,

Like morning glory gleaming,

Along the mountains streaming,

So was thy beauty beaming,

My bright little May.

What though my life were spared me,

My dear little May,

Now it can never shared be

With kind little May!

I long to go, and never

From thee again to sever,

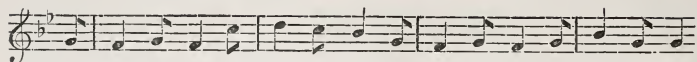
And there forget that ever

I wounded my May.

Composed by a Highland officer, who accidentally killed a lady. Translation by L. MACBEAN. The air is very popular in the Highlands, but is claimed by the Irish.

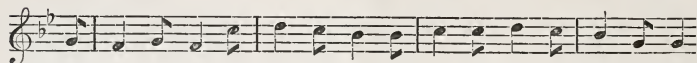
# 8—LAOIDH OISEIN DO'N GHRIAN—OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

KEY B $\flat$ .



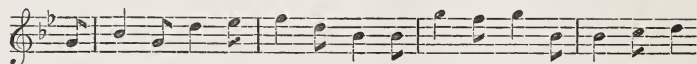
{ l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - }

O thou - sa fein a shiubhlas shuas, Tha cruinn mar lan sgiaht chruaidh nan triath,  
O thou that mov - est through the sky, Like shield of warrior round and bright,



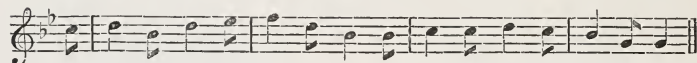
{ l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - }

Cia | as a ta do dhearrs'gunghruaim, Do sho - lus a ta | buain a Ghrian? }  
Whence is thy glo - ry gleam - ing high, And whence, O sun, thy last - ing light?



{ l<sub>1</sub> | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | l : - : s | l : - : d | d : - : r | m : - }

(Thig | thu - sa mach nad | ail - le threin, Is fal - uichidh na | reul an triall, )  
In peer - less beau - ty thou dost rise And all the stars be - fore thee flee,



{ r | m : - : d | m : - : f | s : - : m | d : - : d | r : - : r | m : - : r | d : - : l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - }

(Theid | ghealach sìos gun | tuar o'n speur, 'Ga | clea - tha fein, fo | stuidh 'san iar. ||  
The pal - lid moon for-sakes the skies To hide beneath the west - ern sea.

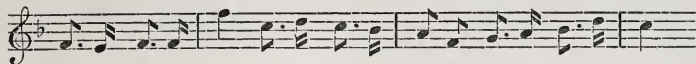
Tha thus' ad astar dol a mhin,  
Is co dha'n dana bhi 'ad chòir?  
Feuch, tuitidh darag o'n chruaich aird,  
Is tuitidh càrn fo aois is scòrr,  
Is traighidh agus lìonaidh 'n cuan,  
Is cailear shuas an rè 'san spèur,  
Tha thus' ad aon a chaoidh fo bhualadh  
An aobhneas thuan do sholus fein!  
Nuair dhubhas dorch m'an domhain stoirn,  
Le torrùn borb is dealan beur  
Seallaidh tu'nad àill' o' toirm,  
'S fiamh gàire 'm bruailean mòr nan spèur.  
Ach dhomhsa tha do sholus faoin  
'S nach fhaic mo shùil a chaoidh do ghnuis,  
A sgaoileadh cùl 's orbhu' ciabh  
Air aghaidh nial' 's a whadainn ùr,  
A sgaoileadh cùl 's orbhu' ciabh  
Air aghaidh nial' 's a whadainn ùr,  
No nuair a chrithas tu 's an iar  
Aig do dhorsaibh ciar air lear.  
Ma dh' fheudte gu bheil thu 's mi fein  
'An am gu treun 's gun fheum 'an am,  
Ar bìladhnalbh tearnad sìos o'n spèur  
La chèile shubhal chum an ceann.  
Biodh aobhneas ortsa fein, a Ghrian,  
A thrìath 'ad òige nearnuir ta!  
Oir 's dorch' mi-thaitneach tha an aois  
Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chàil,  
Eho neoi a sealltunn air an raon,  
'S an liath-cheo faoin air thuobh nan càrn,  
An osag shuar o thuath air rèth,  
Fear shubhal dol fo bheud 'se mall.

Thou movest in thy course alone,  
And who so bold as wander near?  
The mountain oak shall yet fall prone,  
The hills with age shall disappear.  
The changing main shall ebb and flow,  
The waning moon be lost in night;  
Thou only shalt victorious go,  
For ever joying in thy light!  
When heaven with gathering clouds is black,  
When thunders roar and lightnings fly,  
Thou gazest lovely through the rack  
And smil'st in the raging sky.  
But oh! thy light is vain to me;—  
Ne'er shall mine eyes thy face behold,  
When thou art streaming wide and free  
O'er morning clouds thy hair of gold,  
When thou art shedding wide and free,  
O'er eastern skies thy hair of gold,  
Or trembling o'er the western sea  
At night's dark portals backward rolled.  
Nay but, perhaps, both thou and I  
From strength to weakness both descend,  
Our years declining from the sky,  
Together hasting to their end.  
Rejoice, O sun, in this thy prime!  
Rejoice, O chief, in youthful night!  
Age is a dark and dreary time,  
Feeble and faint as moon's wan light.  
Struggling through broken clouds in vain,  
While to the hills the mist hangs gray;  
And northern gnats are on the plain,  
Where toils the traveller on his way.

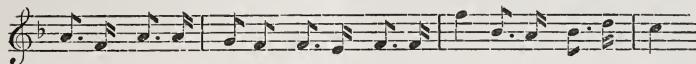
Translation by L. MACBEAN. One or two lines altered which were imperfect in original.

# 9—AN SGIOLBAIREACHD—SKIPPER'S SONG.

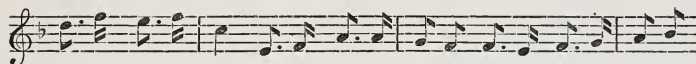
KEY F.



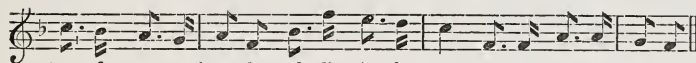
f: d ., t<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | d<sup>1</sup> : s ., l : s ., f | m . d : r ., m : f ., l | s  
Ballast 'chur's na cruinn, Cha chuir innte taic dhuinn, Sìhl a chur ri 'druim,  
Sails beneath her passed Won't drive the vessel faster, Ballast on the mast



f: m ., d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | d<sup>1</sup> : f ., m : f ., l | s  
Cha chuirsgoinn'a lli-astar; Stiùir 'chur os a cinn, Cha dean iùl do'n luing  
Could but bring dis-as-ter: Who could steer her by A helm against the sky?



f: l ., d<sup>1</sup> : t ., d<sup>1</sup> | s : t<sub>1</sub> ., d : m ., m | r . d : d ., t<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m . f  
'S pumpgun' cheavn's an taoim Cha chuir sginn a mach dhith. Nach e' ceum bhios glagach,  
Who could keep her dry With the pumps around her? She would swing and flounder,



f: s ., f : m ., r | m . d : f ., d<sup>1</sup> : t ., l | s : d ., d : m ., m | r . d  
'Null's a nall, 's air tarsainn? Ceart cha seòl i dhuinn, 'S gleus gach buill às al-tan.  
She would fill and founder, Tackle all a-wry Would quickly wreck or ground her.

Cha tearainteachd dhùinn  
Toirt ar cìram seachad,  
'G radh "Na abair dùrd,  
Tha 'n *Insurance* beairteach;"  
'S iomadh aon 'bha 'n dùil  
Nach robh meang 'n an chis,  
D' a thrìd 'chail an cùrs,  
Dh' easbhaidh dùth us faicill,  
'S riamh nach d' rànaig dhachaidh  
'Dh' ionnsaidh seòlaid acair',  
'S nach do sheilbhich stàr  
Dheth na b' ùidh leo 'ghlacadh.  
Ged robh sinn 's an luing,  
Pailt an luim 's an acfuinnn,  
'S ged b' eòl dhuinn le cinnt,  
Feum gach buill us beairte;  
Cìod an stàth 'bhios dhuinn  
Eòlas 'bhi 'n ar cinn  
Air gach ball 'bhios innt',  
Mur 'bi sinn 'g an cleachdadh?  
Feumar cùrd 's an acair',  
'S 's cheann air bòrd 'bhi glaiste,  
'S ris gach sruth us gaoith,  
'N combaid cruinn a leantainn.

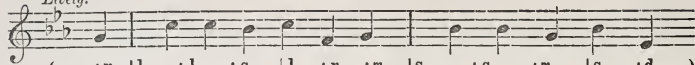
Sad would be our plight,  
If, with mad assurance,  
We should caution slight,  
And trust to the insurance.  
Many a witless wight,  
Sure that he was right,  
Lost his bearings quite,  
All from being heedless;  
Thinking care was needless,  
Laid at last despaired of,  
He was lost in night,  
And never more was heard of.  
What though we were packed  
With plenty of equipment,  
And knew what every tract  
And tool about the ship meant!  
Knowledge so exact  
Might as well be lacked,  
If we do not act.  
The anchor to be able  
To keep the vessel stable  
Must have a proper cable,  
The compass all compact  
Must lie upon its table.

By JOHN MORRISON, Harris. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

# 10—TUIREADH AN T-SUIRICH—THE WOOLER'S WAIL.

KEY **E<sup>b</sup>.**

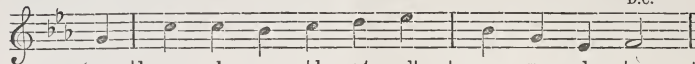
*Lively.*



{ :m | l : l : s | l : r : m | s : s : m | s : d }

{Chorus—Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuinn na cruinn - eig,  
Cha teid mi - se tuil - le a sheall - tuinn na cruinn - eig,  
Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,  
Nae mair will I sal - ly a cour - tin' of Mal - lie,

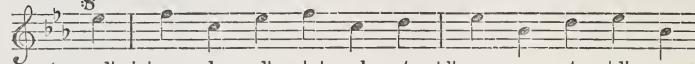
D.C.



{ :m | l : l : s | l : t : d' | s : m : d | r : - }

{Cha teid mi - se tuil - le air shuir - idh na ghleann,  
Cha dir - mi bruth - aich cha'n ur - rainn mi ann,  
I'll gang to the val - ley a cour - tin' nae mair,  
Nor gang to the val - ley— I'm trach - led ower sair.

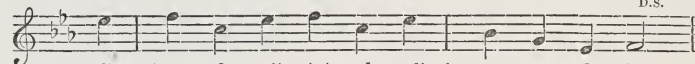
*S.*



{ : d' | r' : l : d' | r' : l : t | d' : s : t | d' : s }

{Song—Nuair rinn mi mo bhrog - an gu snas - uhor a ghrobadh,  
A sheall - tuinn na h-ogh - e tha thall - ad chonnuidh,  
On my shoon I put batches of el - e - gant patches,  
My heart it was wholly up - lift - ed and jol - ly,

D.S.



{ : d' | r' : l : d' | r' : l : d' | s : m : d | r : - }

{S a ghluais mi, cho ceol - mhor ri smeor - ach air chrann,  
Cha chreid - inn ri m' bheo gu'r e ghor - aich a bh'ann,  
And went sing - ing snatches of beau - ti - ful song;  
Nor thought it was fol - ly that sent me a - long.

Bha m'inntinn lan suigear nuair rainig mi'n ninneng,  
'Smi dh'fhoghlaim gun cumadh a chruinneag rium cainte,  
Nuair dh'fhoghlaim i'n duilleag 'sa theann mi ri furan,  
'S ann thaom an truille an cumadh m'am cheann.  
Cha teid mise tuille, etc.

'S mar tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i na madaidh,  
'Lha 'mathair sa h-athair a labhairt le sgraing,  
Thuit ceo air mo leirsinn 'us m' anail gam threigsinn,  
An rathad cha b'leir dhomh 'us leum mi san staing.

'Smi fodha gu m' shuillean an eabar an duainn,  
Mo bhrigis m'am ghluitean 'san cu oirr an geall,  
Bu mhiosa na'n corr leam 'bhi faicinn na h-oinich,  
Aig uinnag a seomair ri spors air mo chail.

Mar phaisg air an ullaid, 'si dh'fhag mi an churraidh,  
Mo chaiseart 'san runneach, 's mi dh'fhag mi sa ghleann,  
'Smi 'n so as mo leine ag altrom mo chruichdan,  
'San ionad nach leir dhomh an breid a chur teamn.

'Toirt boidean do Mhuire 'sa 'g eighceach gu duineil,  
Ged gheibhinn an cruinne 'sa h-uile ni th' ann,  
Nach teid mise tuille a cheilidh no 'shuiridh,  
'Snach fhaicear mo luideagan tuille 'sa ghleann.

W' bosom high-swellin' I cam to her dwellin',  
I kent she was willin' to list to my tale;  
I startit a-showin' my love overflowin',  
She stopp'd me by throwin' about me the pail.  
Nae mair, &c.

And then to pursue me she set the dogs to me,  
My eyesight got gloomy, I felt like a fool;  
Her parents were flytin', the dogs were for bitin';  
I fled, and fell right in a big dirty pool!

The water was stinkin' in which I was sinkin',  
The big dog was thinkin' he'd noo get a bite,  
But the thing maist annoyin' was to see her ongoin'  
Lookin' oot and enjoying my terrible plight.

Bad luck to the woin', it's been my undoin',  
My breaks are a ruin, my baches are gone,  
And here I'm endurin' and nursin' and curin'  
My wounds, and securin' the bandages on't!

I'm vovin' and frettin' and manfully bettin'  
'That tho' I were gettin' the world for my share,  
Nae mair will I sally a-courtin' of Mallie,  
I'll show in the valley my duddies nae mair.

Author—"AM BARD LUIDEAGACH." Translator—L. MACBEAN.

# 11—CAILLEACH BEINN A BHRIC—THE SPECTRE HAG.

KEY F.

*(Musical notation: Treble clef, key of F major, 2/4 time)*  
 { d . d : r . m | s . l : m . r | m . m : r . m | l . s . m : r | d . d : r . m | s . l : m }  
 Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, Nan ciabhag glas, nan ciabhag glas, Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas,  
 Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag

*(Musical notation: Treble clef, key of F major, 2/4 time)*  
 { m . s<sub>1</sub> : d . m | r . d : d | d . r : m . d<sup>1</sup> | l . s : s . f | m . r : m . d<sup>1</sup> | t . l . s . m : r }  
 Cailleach mhór nan shiubhal chàrn. Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, nan ciabhag glas, nan ciabhag glas,  
 walks the moorland fast and free. Great and hoary - headed hag, Great and hoary - headed hag,

CHORUS.  
*(Musical notation: Treble clef, key of F major, 2/4 time)*  
 { d . r : m . d<sup>1</sup> | l . s : s | s . s<sub>1</sub> : d . m | r . d : d | d . d : d . s | m . m : m }  
 Cailleach mhór nan ciabhag glas, 'S acfhuinneach i shiubhal chàrn. Cailleach Beinn-a' Bhric, ho-ró,  
 Great and hoary - headed hag Walks the moorland fast and free. Hag of Ben a Bhric, horo,

*(Musical notation: Treble clef, key of F major, 2/4 time)*  
 { m . r : m . m | s . m : m . r | m . d : d . s | m . m : m | r . s<sub>1</sub> : d . m | r . d : d }  
 Bhric ho - ró, bhric ho - ró, Cailleach Beinn-a' Bhric, ho-ró, Cailleach mhór an fhuarain àird  
 Bhric ho - ro, Bhric ho - ro, Hag of Ben a Bhric, horo, Spectre mountain hag is she.

Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,  
 Nam mogan liath;

Cailleach mhór nam mogan liath,  
 Cha 'n fhaca sìne 'leithid riabh.

Cailleach Beinn-a'-Bhric, etc.

'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
 Diugh do'n bheinn, diugh do'n bheinn,  
 'De a thug thu'n diugh do'n bheinn,  
 Chum thu mi gu'n bheinn, gun sealg.

Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Do bhrìdheann fhiadh, do bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Bha thu fein 's do bhuidheann fhiadh  
 Air an traigh ud shìos an de.

*A chailleach*—Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Mo bhuidheann fhiadh, mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
 Cha leiginn mo bhuidheann fhiadh  
 Dh' imlich sliagan dubh an traigh.

Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhor  
 An doirionn mhor, an doirionn mhor  
 Ochan! is i'n doirionn mhor  
 A chuir mis' an choill ud thall.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhi dubh, horo,  
 Dubh horo, dubh horo,  
 Cha'n iognadh mi bhi dubh, horo,  
 H-uile la a muigh, o h-i.

Cha'n iognadh mi bhi fìuch, fuar,  
 Fìuch fuar, fìuch fuar,  
 Cha'n iognadh mi bhi fìuch fuar,  
 H-uile h-uair a muigh gu brath.

'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 Bhuidheann fhiadh, bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 'Sann an sud tha bhuidheann fhiadh,  
 seachad an sliabh dubh ud thall.

Hag with great gray grisly paw,  
 Grisly paw, grisly paw,  
 Such a hag we never saw,  
 Never, never did we see.

Hag of Ben-a Bhric, &c.

What has brought her to the hill,  
 To the hill, to the hill?  
 She has wrought me nuckle ill,  
 Kept her deer away from me.

She was with her flock of deer,  
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,  
 Yesterday she had her deer  
 On the beach along the sea.

*The Hag*: I would not take my flock of deer,  
 My flock of deer, my flock of deer,  
 I would not take my flock of deer.  
 To lick black shells beside the sea.

Ochan! it was weary woe,  
 Weary woe, weary woe,  
 Ochan! it was weary woe  
 Sent me to yon wood to dree!

No wonder I am black, horo,  
 Black horo, black horo,  
 No wonder I am black, horo,  
 When I am always out, O hee.

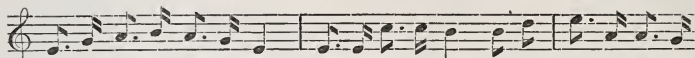
No wonder I am cold and wet,  
 Cold and wet, cold and wet,  
 No wonder I am cold and wet,  
 When out for ever I must be.

But yonder is the flock of deer,  
 Flock of deer, flock of deer,  
 But yonder is the flock of deer,  
 Beyond the mountain you may see.

Said to be composed by a hunter who met the hag. Translation by L. MACLEAN.

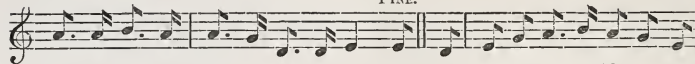
# 12—ORAN AN UACHDARAIN—SONG TO THE CHIEF.

KEY C.—With spirit.



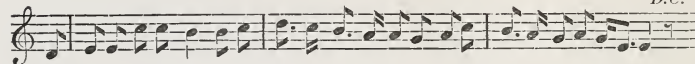
*Seisd.* { m .s : l .t | l .s : m | m .m : d' .d' | t : t .r' | m' .l : l .s }  
*Cho.* { Faill ill ó ro, faill ill ó | Faill ill ó ro, eil - e, Hi ri - thil uithil }  
 Fal il ó ro, fal il ó Day around me spring - ing, Hee ri - hil uhil

FINE.



{ l .l : t .l | l .s : r .r | m : m .r | m .s : l .t | l .s : m . }  
 a - gus ó, 'S na thugaibh h'óro eil - e. || Gur mise tha trom airtneulach }  
 i - hil ó, No heart have I for sing - ing. At dawn I rise with weeping eyes,

D.C.



{ r | m .m : d' .d' | t : t .d' | r' .d' : t .l | l .s : l .d' | t .l : s .l | s .m . - | m . }  
 'S a mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh, Tha gaohan ear a gobachadh, 's cha'n i mo thogairt fein i. }  
 No heart have I for singing; Around me shrill the breezes chill Of eastern winds are stinging.

Tha gaohan an ear a' gobachadh,  
 'S cha'n i mo thogairt fein i;  
 'S i gaohan an iar, a b' aite leinn,  
 A's lasan oirre 'g eiridh.  
 Faill ill, etc.

'Si gaohan an iar, a b' aite leinn  
 Is lasan oirre 'g eiridh  
 Gu'n tigeadh oirnn am bàta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach.

Gun tigeadh oirnn am bàta  
 D'am b' abhaist a bhi treubhach  
 Uachdaran na tìr' oirre—  
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da !

Uachdaran na tìr' oirre—  
 Mo dhìth ma dh' eireas beud da !  
 Uachdaran na dùthch' innte—  
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis.

Uachdaran na dùthch' innte  
 Gu bheil mo dhùrachd fein leis  
 Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,  
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte !

Hi ri gu 'm b' ait leam fallain thu,  
 Ad chaisteal ann an Sléibhte  
 Far am bi na fìdhleirean,  
 'S na pìoban ann ga'n gleusadh.

Far am bi na fìdhleirean  
 'S na pìoban ann 'gan gleusadh  
 Aeh 's mise tha trom airtneulach  
 'Sa mhadainn is mi 'g eiridh.

Around me shrill the breezes chill  
 Of eastern winds are stinging,  
 Oh, I would hail the western gale,  
 With blessings round it flinging.  
 Fal il òro, fal il ó, &c.

Yes, I would hail the western gale,  
 With blessings round it flinging,  
 Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,  
 Light o'er the billows swinging.

Oh, that it brought the bonnie boat,  
 Light o'er the billows swinging,  
 And safe may float the bonnie boat,  
 Our gallant chieftain bringing.

Oh, safe may float the bonnie boat,  
 Our gallant chieftain bringing,  
 For our relief our country's chief,  
 To whom our hearts are clinging.

For our relief our country's chief,  
 To whom our hearts are clinging,  
 Oh would that he right gallantly,  
 His way to Sleat were winging.

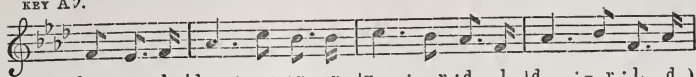
Oh, would that he right gallantly,  
 His way to Sleat were winging,  
 Where songs arise and harmonies,  
 With harp and pibroch ringing.

Where songs arise and harmonies,  
 With harps and pibroch ringing,  
 But now I rise with weeping eyes,  
 No heart have I for singing.

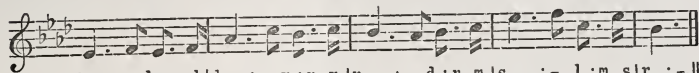


# 13—CUMHA DO H-UISDEIN MAC-AOIDH—LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

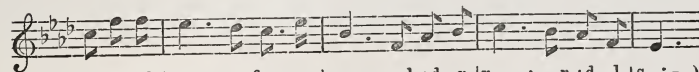
KEY A♭.



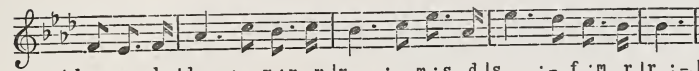
{ 1, : S, 1, | d : - . m : r ., r | m : - . r : d ., 1, | d : - . r : 1, ., d }  
(Nach cruaidh an guth so th'alg an t-sluagh, Eho'n deach thu luath 's a dh'earb iad  
Oh sad this voice of woe we hear, And gone our cheer and pleasant



{ S, : - . 1, : S, 1, | d : - . m : r ., m | r : - . d : r ., m | s : - . 1 : m ., s | r : - . }  
(riut; Tha ghaoir choi cu - mant a'g daoin' - uaisl', Aig mnáibh, aig tuath, 's aig searbhán - tan;  
try; One common grief, without re-lief, Has seiz'd on chief and peasantry;



{ . m : 1 . 1 | s : - . f : m ., s | r : - . 1 : d . r | m : - . r : d . 1, | S, : - . }  
(Cha'n eil bhon Tòrr guruig an stòir, Aon duine beò, bho'ndh'fhalbh thu bhuainn,  
In hut or hall, or merchant's stall, There's none at all speaks cheerfully;



{ 1, : S, 1, | d : - . m : r ., m | r : - . m : s ., d | s : - . f : m ., r | r : - . }  
(A's urrainn còmhraidh mu' na bhòrd, Ach túirseach, brò - nach, marbhran - nach.  
Since that sad day he went away, Naught can we say, but tearfully.

Cha'n ann mu'n callan codach fhéin,  
Tha'n sluagh gu léir cho cás-mhorach,  
Ach aon 'thoir bhlas' gun aon fhear-fuath.  
'S an robh gach buaidh cho fasmhorach.  
A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chéill,  
Anns nach bu léir dhuinn fuillgeadh;  
Mach bho'n éig bhi 'cur 'an céill  
Nach 'eil gach cré ach bás-mhorach.

'S llongmhor cridhe 'thuit a mhàn  
Mu'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,  
'Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn  
'Bhi suidhich' an inntinn shiorbheartaich  
Bha ioma eud d'è d'fhine fhein  
A' deanamh féum mar lomhaigh dhìot;  
Ach dhearbh am beum so dhuinn gu léir,  
Nach 'eil fo'n gréin ach diomhanas.

Co an duine thug ort bàrr  
Am breith, 'an phàirt, 's an ionnsachadh?  
No co an t-aon a sheasas a'ait'  
Dhe'n th'air an cràdh ga d'ionndraichinn?  
Gach beag 'us mòr gach seau 'us òg,  
Le gal, 'us deòir ga'n ceannachadh.  
Ge tric le bròn 'bhi tuisleach òirn',  
Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

It is not private loss or woe  
That makes the blow so rigorous,  
But his sad fate whom none could hate,  
With mind so great and vigorous.  
For none could find, in heart or mind,  
A fault in kind or quality.  
Now he is not, though we forgot  
Our common lot, mortality.

Oh, many a man was filled with gloom  
That round thy tomb stood silently;  
Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void—  
By death destroyed so violently.  
By clansmen prized and idolised,  
His worth disguised humanity,  
But this fell blow, alas! will show  
There's nought below but vanity.

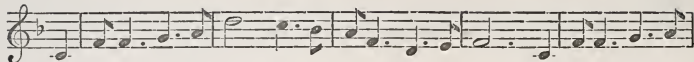
He was excelled by none on earth,  
Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him;  
And none can fill his place but ill  
Of those who will be mourning him.  
The hearts are wrung of old and young,  
The mourner's tongue is failing him,  
Oh, never more shall we deplore  
One man so sore bewailing him!

Music and words by ROB (DONN) MACKAY. Translation by L. MACDEAN.

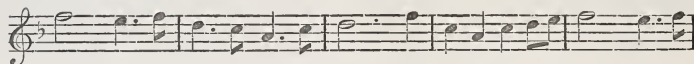


# 14—MO CHAILIN DILEAS DONN—MY FAITHFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

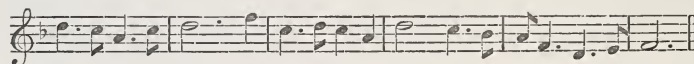
KEY F.



{ f: s: | d: d: - | r: - m: | l: - | s: - f: m: d: - | l: - : - t: | d: - | - : s: | d: d: - | r: - m: }  
 Oh! happy may I see thee, my faithful brown-hair'd maid! My sweet light-hearted



{ d': - | t: - : d' | l: - : s: | m: - s: | l: - | - : d' | s: m: | s: l: t: | d': - | t: - : d' }  
 la - dy, in flow - ing locks ar - rayed; Thy voice, like soothing mu - sic, has



{ l: - : s: | m: - s: | l: - | - : d' | s: - : l: | s: m: | l: - | s: - f: m: d: - | l: - : - t: | d: - | - | }  
 oft my grief al - layed, Thy words dispelled the woes that up - on my spi - rit weighed.

Gur muladach a ta mi,  
 'S mi nochd air aird a' chuain,  
 'S neo-shunddach mo chadal domh,  
 'S do chaidreanhn fada uam;  
 Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;  
 As d'aogais tha mi truagh;  
 'S mar a dean mi d'fhaotainn  
 Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan.

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag,  
 Fo rosg a dh' iadhas dlu;  
 Gruaidhean mar an caoran,  
 Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciuin;  
 Aidicheam le eibhneas  
 Gun d' thug mi fein duit run;  
 'S gur bliadhna leam gach la  
 O'n nair a dh'fhag mi thu.

Theireadh iad ma 'n d' fhalbh mi uat,  
 Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dol ad choir,  
 Gu 'n do chuir mi cul riut,  
 'S gun dhiult mi dhuil mo phog.  
 Na cuireadh sid ort curam,  
 A ruin, na creid an sgleo;  
 Tha d'anall leam ni's cubhraidh,  
 Na'n driuchd air bharr an fheoir.

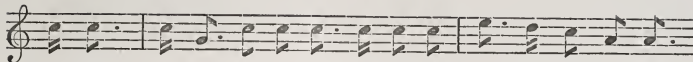
My lot this night is dreary  
 Upon the surging deep,  
 And comfortless my slumber  
 When far from thee I sleep.  
 But back to thee, my maiden,  
 My restless thoughts shall sweep,  
 And few shall be my years  
 If without thee I must weep.

Like berries, 'neath their lashes  
 Thine eyes are soft and clear;  
 Like rowans, 'neath thy placid brow  
 Thy glowing cheeks appear.  
 Oh, gladly do I tell thee, love,  
 That I have held thee dear,  
 And since I had to part from thee,  
 Each day has seemed a year.

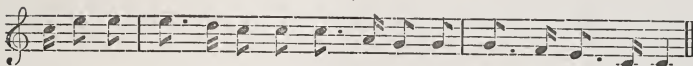
What though they tell thee that I had  
 Begun my choice to rue,  
 That I forsook my maiden  
 And from her kiss withdrew!  
 Let not the story grieve thee;  
 My love, it is not true:  
 Thy fragrant breath is sweeter  
 To me than morning dew.

# 15—H-UGAIBH ! H-UGAIBH !—AT YOU ! AT YOU !

KEY C.



{ d' d' . — | d' s . — : d' . d' | d' ., d' : d' . d' | m' ., r' : d' . l | l ., }  
 { H-ugaibh ! h-ugaibh ! bo, bo, bo ! An doctair Leodach 's biodag air,  
 At you ! at you ! bo, bo, bo ! Take care what may become of you,



{ d' : m' . m' | m' ., r' : d' . d' | d' ., l : s . s | s ., f : m' ., d | d ||  
 { Faicill oirbh 'santaobh sin thall, Nach toir e'n ceann a thiota dibh !  
 The doctor with his dirk may go, And take the head off some of you !

Biodag 's an deach' an gath-seirg  
 Air crìos seil an luidealaich ;  
 Bha seachd oirlich oir' a mheirg,  
 Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dhi.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Bha thu na do bhasbair corr,  
 'S claidheamh-mor an tarraunn ort,  
 An saighdear 's mìosa th'aig rìgh Deors',  
 Chomhraigeadh e Alasdair.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Claidheamh, agus sgabard dearg,  
 'S cearbach sud air amadan,  
 'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,  
 A dh'fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

Gu'm biodh sud ort air do thaobh,  
 Claidheamh caol 'sa ghliogartaich ;  
 Cha'n 'eil falcag thig o'n traigh,  
 Nach cuir thu barr nan itean di.  
*H-ugaibh, &c.*

See on his belt, with rags and dust,  
 The dirk with all the rust of it ;  
 'Twould kill a man with sheer disgust,  
 If he should get a thrust of it.  
*At you ! &c.*

As fencer bold he used to swing  
 His sword, but made so small a stir,  
 The poorest soldier of the king  
 Would dare to fight with Allaster.  
*At you ! &c.*

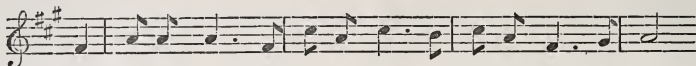
Claymore and scabbard bright he vaunts  
 And clumsily he carries them ;  
 He chops the heads off cormorants  
 And hews and hacks and harries them.  
*At you ! &c.*

Brave at his side the sword must be  
 That he must clank and rattle with ;  
 And ne'er a bird can come from sea  
 But he will boldly battle with.  
*At you ! &c.*

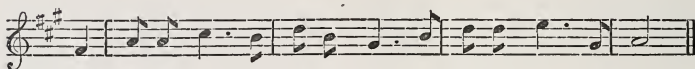
Translation by L. MACBEAN.

# 16—BROSNACHADH-GATHA—ANCIENT WAR-SONG.

KEY A.—*Boldly.*



{ f: l, | d . d : d : - . l, | m . d : m : - . r | m . d : l, : - . t, | d : - }  
(A | mhacan ceann, Nan cursa srann, Ard-leumnach dhan air magh, )  
O high-born son, Let fame be won, Thy steeds for bat - tle prance,



{ f: l, | d . d : m : - . r | f . r : t, : - . r | f . f : s : - . t, | d : - ||  
(Faigh buaidh 'san t-stri, Sgrìos sios gun dìth Ar naimhde, rìgh nan sleagh!  
Oh, win renown, Our foes cut down, O king of spears, advance!

Jamh threin 's gach càs!  
Cridh' ard gun sgath!  
Ceann airm nan roinn gear goirt!  
Gearr sios gu bàs,  
Gun bhàrc sheol bhàn  
Dhi snàmh mu dhùbh Innis-tòrc.

Mar thairneanach bhaighal  
Do bhuille, laoiach,  
Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann,  
Mar charraig chruinn  
Do chridh' gun roinn,  
Mar lasan òich' do lann.

Cum suas do sgiath,  
Is crobhaidh nial,  
Mar chiach bho reul a bhàis.  
A mhacain cheann,  
Nan cursan srann,  
Sgrìos naimhde sios gu lar!

O arm of might!  
Brave heart in fight!  
With swords and lances keen,  
O'er foes prevail,  
Let no white sail  
Round Innistore be seen.

Thy strokes shall clash,  
Like thunder crash,  
Like lightning flash thine eye,  
Thy heart a rock,  
In battle shock,  
Thy blade a flame on high.

Thy target raise,  
And let it blaze  
Like death-star's baleful light,  
O chief renowned,  
Whose chargers bound,  
Cut down our foes in fight!

Gaelic words very old, probably of the Ossianic era. Translation by L. MACBEAN. Music published here for the first time.



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